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DEVOTED TO THE PROPAGANDA OF FREEDOM OF THOUGHT

A. T. Parker
High and Ashland East Side
Sep 08

Ex Nihila, Nihil Fit

(By P. M. Oliver.)

Did god awake in darkness,
Six thousand years ago;
And look around on nothing,
To see what he could do?

He never had beginning,
Nor birth, like you and me;
But always has existed
From all eternity

Now, what had he been doing
Throughout those countless years?
No priest has ever told us,
It in no book appears.

Perhaps he had been sleeping,
With nothing for a bed;
And nothing for a pillow,
And nothing in his head.

With nothing for companion
Through all that dreary night;
And only boundless nothing
On which to feast his sight.

And when he rose for action,
Like one aroused from sleep;
He found but six days' labor,
(The tale is rather steep)

He took just a pinch of nothing,
And made this glorious earth;
Then another pinch of nothing,
And the planets had their birth.

From another lump of nothing
He produced the mighty sun;
And so he worked on nothing
Till stars and all were done.

And when all else was finished,
Of dust he made a man;
By mixing dust with nothing
On some mysterious plan.

He then took a rib from Adam,
With nothing for a knife;
And, mixing rib with nothing,
Made him a full grown wife.

He knew the kind of people
He was working on to make;
But they all die soon or later
Because of his mistake.

He now damns his every nation
Unless they all believe
That story of creation,
The snake, the fruit, and Eve.

Gainesville, Fla.